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he will. He won't let you into the editorial-stall, or the personal-stall, and only very occasionally into the news-stall, but there is always in any of these great markets a special section of stalls reserved for just such purposes as you mean to use yours. They are called the Letters-to-the-Editor Stalls. Try one of these!

But that's not the only market. There is the church. It is only open once a week, but the vast majority of people go there. It deals in religious ideas principally, but a peace that isn't religion or a religion that isn't peace is an anomaly; so you need not be afraid that peace-ideas are unsalable there. This market, of course, operates somewhat differently from the others. Instead of stalls, you have one large counter, with one salesman in charge of all the goods for sale. He can't let you in there to sell your own goods, but he will often take your goods and sell them for you. Have you ever tried him? You could do a good deal to stimulate the demand for your products here. You know most of the people who come to this market. Talk to them. Get them into coming around and saying to the shop-keeper: "Haven't you any practical, trimmed-up peace ideas to give us? Have we got to go and get militaristic ideas as substitutes? Isn't this the kind of a shop where we might expect to find peace ideas?" A competent shop-keeper can't ignore a continued demand like that!

Then there is another place where finished ideas are needed. That is Congress. You would be surprised if you could see all the rough-hewn, slab-sided ideas that they get along with there. *There's* a chance for good assistant-editorship! A Congressman is always willing to listen to a traveling salesman from his Home Town. And for two cents the United States Government will be your traveling salesman for you. From the ideas that your Congressman gets, the laws of your country are to be made. Send him a few nicely finished peace-ideas, tastily varnished with common sense, and you will be surprised at what a difference it will make in what kind of a country you have to live in.

What do you think of that assistant-editorship, any way? Will you try it? Then begin to look over your newspaper,

your Congressman, and your clergyman. Find out what they are doing and saying. Sit down and write them a letter, as a reader, a constituent, a member of the "flock."

Hang this over your Editorial desk!

1. I will write at least three brief letters a month.
2. I will write to the editor of my favorite newspaper—either (a) to commend him upon his stand on peace questions, or (b) to protest against the stand he is taking, giving him my reasons for thinking him in the wrong.
3. I will write to my pastor (a) to congratulate him upon the helpful, constructive manner in which he is presenting peace questions to his congregation, or (b) to urge him to examine the views which I consider more helpful and constructive than those he has uttered, or (c) to call his attention to the fact that peace is a subject so closely interwoven with Christianity, even by Christ himself, that it deserves more energetic treatment from his pulpit than he has yet given it.
4. I will write my Congressman, first endeavoring to find out what stand he is taking, if any, on peace questions, letting him know that one of his constituents, at least, believes him to be powerful in the work my country is to do for peace, and urging upon him reflection upon his responsibilities in this regard. If he seems to imagine that "pork" is more important to me than intelligent effort in the field of international relations and peace, I mean to correct that impression.
5. I will begin these letters right away, and if possible I will write more than three this month.

Don't distrust the power of your editorial pen or type-writer! We are in a position to state with emphasis that these letters from you will wield a greater influence with those addressed than you can possibly imagine.

## BOOK REVIEWS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

ALL BOOKS LISTED ON THIS PAGE MAY BE OBTAINED. POSTAGE PREPAID, UPON APPLICATION TO THE  
AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY, COLORADO BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**We.** By *Gerald Stanley Lee*. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 1916. 711 p. \$1.50.

This book is in the familiar style of "Crowds" and "Inspired Millionaires." It is an engaging style, if you happen to be the unscrupulous reader that Mr. Lee evidently hopes you are. It is delightfully irreverent, particularly in this volume. "Canned international law" and "dried precedents," "humdrum war," "a kind of sublime, cheerless, international colossal statue of Lucia Ames Mead," "the large, soggy foundation Mr. Rockefeller has thrust upon the American people," "one vast, interminable human prairie of Nicholas Murray Butlers," "Mr. Bryan, the regular standing almost-President of America," these are stray examples of Mr. Lee's impartial irreverence; and perhaps most irreverent of all: "There are a great many people like Mr. Roosevelt." Mr. Lee it appears, has little use for subsidized pacifism. In fact, the pacifism he prefers may not be familiar in that aspect to the average mind. His peace hero is Henry Ford. Not let us hasten to say, Mr. Ford of the peace ship, but Mr. Ford of the factory, who was more interested in making humanitarian principles work in making money than in making money without them, and then using that money to endow (if we remember correctly, Mr. Lee calls it "embalm") these principles for international peace. Mr. Lee's second hero is the President. He chooses him because he finds that he expresses more of America to more foreign people more accurately than any other public man. This conclusion will, we imagine, infuriate many readers, as will the statement that the President has a sense of humor. But in this idea of the interpretation of one people to another, or of one class of

people to another, Mr. Lee claims that he has discovered the germ of all peace—domestic, industrial, international. There are over seven hundred pages of lively explanation about this germ. The reader is recommended to try them—up to the point, of course, where he loses his temper permanently.

**Love for Battle-Torn Peoples.** By *Jenkin Lloyd Jones, LL. D.* Unity Publishing Company, Chicago. 1916. 166 p. 75 cts.

Of course, Dr. Jones' book is not quite the "slumming-Europe" sort of thing that its title seems to indicate; but it is very full of love. It makes one a little embarrassed to find the author expressing all this love right out loud. Perhaps it is just what is needed, but the recollection comes inevitably of Chesterton's statement that when he wanted a true mental concept of the woman's rights movement he tried to imagine talking to his washlady about it. Along this line, it is hardly possible to take in undiluted all the love that Dr. Jones pours out in these pages. One tries, therefore, to imagine Dr. Jones telling a *poilu* about his love for France, or a Golders Green war-widow of his love for England, or an Armenian of his love for Turkey. One would like to know what sort of reaction would take place. What happens when the pure oil of love is poured onto the vinegar of human experience? The chef would say that the oil becomes rather splotty and does not mix well. But perhaps the analogy is far-fetched. What base trait is it in all of us that makes us distrust the man who says too publicly and too often, "I love you!"? Even after reading Dr. Jones' book it is difficult to answer this question.